BETTER DAYS

In daytime hours,
guided by instincts
that never sleep,
the faintest signals
come to me
over vast spaces
of etiquette
and restraint.
Sometimes I give in
to the pressing
call of instinct,
knowing the code of my kind
better than I know
the National Anthem
or "The Lord's Prayer."
I am so driven by my senses
to abandon restraint,
to seek pure pleasure
through every pore.
I want to smell the air
around me thickly scented
with a playboy's freedom.
I want impractical relationships.
I want buddies and partners,
names I will forget by sunrise.
I don't want to commit my heart.
I only want to feel good.
I only want to freak sometimes.
There are no other considerations.

A false safety compels me
to think I will never need kindness,
so I don't recognize
that need in someone else.

But it concerns me,
going off to sleep
and waking
throbbing with wants,
that I am being
consumed by want.
And I wonder
where stamina comes from
to search all night
until my footsteps ring
awake the sparrows,
and I go home, ghost walking,
driven indoors to rest
my hunter's guise,
to love myself as fiercely
as I have in better days.